

# The Dying Lamentation

Of *Thomas Randal*, who was

## Executed at Stone-Bridge,

On *Wednesday* the 29th of *January* for the barbarous  
Murder Committed on *Roger Leavens*, Ironmonger.

Who is Hang'd in Chains near *Stone-Bridge*.



To the Tune of. *Johnsons Farewell.*

**O** Horred, borred is my Crime,  
For which I now must dye  
And to relate the bloody time,  
Of this barbarity,  
Would make a Heart of Stone to Bleed,  
To think upon the Fact,  
I am asham'd to name indeed  
This bloody, bloody Act.

'Twas at *Stone-Bridge* not far from Town  
Where I did lye in wait,  
To rob the very first that come,  
But oh unhappy fate,  
Instead of Robbing him of Pelf,  
With Pistol shot him dead,  
And likewise bound his Wife my self,  
Then straight from Justice fled.

This wicked deed which I have done  
I do repent too late;  
My Glass of Life is almost run,  
Oh most unhappy Fate:  
I must be now this very day  
A sad Example made,  
I having wrought my Life's decay,  
Farewell this bloody Trade.

Oh *Leavens*, *Leavens* whom I shot,  
And never bid you stand,  
I must confess hard was your Lett,  
Through my most bloody hand,  
I kill'd you dead without one word,  
So wicked was my mind,  
And God requires blood for blood,  
The Law's the same I find:

How bitter is the thoughts of Death,  
Which stares with bloody Dart  
And gapeth for my latest breath,  
When Soul and Body part,  
But oh a greater grief then this  
Is Conscience does me tell,  
That blood hinders my Soul of bliss,  
No hopes for me but Hell.

Oh *Women*, *Women* base and rude  
'Twas your bad Company,  
I follow'd none but what were lew'd  
And to them did comply,  
For when they did at any time  
Want Money for to rant;  
I stuck not then at any crime,  
For to supply their want.

Pray you that see my fatal race,  
Let all your *VVays* be good,  
Nere be concern'd with *VVomen* base  
Nor yet delight in blood,  
For here a shameful Death you see  
I justly undergo,  
Then pray young Men be warn'd by me  
Be no Mans overthrow.

The latter Minute is at hand,  
Farewell the *VVorld*, and all  
Of you that now spectators stand,  
*VVith* Prayers assist, and call  
On *Jesus Christ* the Lamb of God,  
To interceed for me,  
That I may be cleans'd from this blood  
I shed so cruelly.

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The Law's the same I find:  
 And God requires blood for blood,  
 So wicked was my mind,  
 I kill'd you dead without one word,  
 Through my most bloody hand,  
 I must confess hard was your Lot,  
 And never did you stand,  
 O! Leave, Leave whom I love,  
 Farwell this bloody Trade,  
 Having wrought my Life's decay,  
 A bad Example made,  
 I must be now this very day,  
 Of most unhappy Fate:  
 My Glass of Life is almost ran,  
 I do repent too late;  
 This wicked deed which I have done  
 Then straight from Justice fled  
 And likewise bound his Wife my self,  
 With evil machinings,  
 Instead of looking him of self,  
 But on himself and company;  
 To rob the very first that come,  
 Where I did begin war;  
 Was at St. Andrew's Bridge not far from Town